WHOISMAS IN PARIS AS "SHANG DRAPER The SQUAREST GAMBLER IN NEW

Twenty-Seven Foreigners Were Recently Expelled from Paris for Conducting parture of the persons in the house. Gambling Houses As Clubs, Among Them Being an American Who Gave His Name as Draper—Indications Point to a Scheme to Trade on "Shang's"

"Reputation."

As semebody been masquerading in Paris as "snang Draper, for years known as "praper, for years known as "praper, for years known as "the squarest gambler of the squarest gamble of the squarest gambler of the squarest gambler of the squares

nearly sixty-five years of age. He is reserved and unassuming, and would pass anywhere in New York city as a broker and a gentleman. His wealth is estimated at over \$500,000 His honesty among gambling men is so proverbial that "bookies" often deposit \$50,000 or \$100,000 with him over night, in racing season, knowing that it is

in racing season, knowing that it is just as safe as it would be in a bank.

When, in October of 1962, District Attorney Jerome raided the place then

kept by Draper, and believed to be under the direction of "A." Adams and "Shang." \$500,000 in cash and securities was found in the safe.

In the year 1878, the police of Brooklyn and Manhattan were puzzled by a series of daring and mysterious robberies which occurred with great regularity. They seemed able to get no clue as to the perpetrators of these daily safe blowings and thefts. Large quantities of silk goods were stolen from wholesale merchants.

On August II, 1878, Thomas Murphy, then inspector of the Brooklyn police, happened to be walking along Broadway, when he suddenly noticed a sight which immediately attracted his attention. He saw a man take off his coat, roll it up, and put it under his arm. On an ordinary day this would not have seemed unusual, but it was a rainy day; and so Murphy suspected that there might be something behind this queer action. The man had come out of a hardware store with another. Murphy went into the store and learned that the men had bought a sledge hammer. They had taken the handle off, and one of them had wrapped the iron head in the coat.

That Little Gothic Cottage.

Murphy followed the men and saw

them go in a little Gothic cottage on

Patchen avenue. Murphy found out

from the neighbors that there were two men and a woman living in the house, but nobody was acquainted with them.

Draper, for years known as "the squarest gambler in New York city?"

report has just come from Paris that 'among the twenty-seven foreigners who have been expelled for running gambling houses as clubs is given the name of Draper, an American

Now, the original Thomas Draper, nicknamed "Shang." is ill at his home in Central Park West. Was the Draper who has just been told to "skidoo" from gay Paree sailing under false colors? Indications point that way. But what is the motive of the masquerader?

The magic of the pante. Draper, would carry with it much of power and of influence. Some enterprising Amer ican might borrow an asset which would be of so much value to him in his business. Thousands would be drawn to a gambling house which was known to be run by a man with the reputation of "Shang" Draper when they would pass it by a city block if it ran under any other name.

福 流 Parls House "On the Square."

The Paris gambling house, it is understood, was run on the square" as nearly as any place of that sort can be on the square. Men and women were given fair play if they did not make themselves so objectionable that everybody was glad to see

The story is told of a certain wellknown American woman, who, knowing the reputation of "Shang" Draper, was drawn to the place while traveling abroad with her husband. She thought that her husband would not find her out and that she would have a little fun and make a little extra pin money without his knowledge. So she went to Draper's place. She was immediately recognized by the proprietor and by several other per She began to play and kept on losing. but she would not give up, and would have lost her last cent had it not been for Draper. He knew that if the story so, member of a certain very respect-able American family, had lost heavfly at the Draper green-table hang-out, it would probably cause the fresh also tarnish the good name of Draper

hand was back of the cards which she turned up, that she went away no poorer than when she entered the easy-come-and-easy-go establishment

455 455 The Real "Shang."

The real "Shang" Draper, the one whom all America knows, is still hanging to old Broadway, and is satisfled with good old, bad old New York. He had much trouble with the police in the Tenderloin several years ago, and at that time was obliged to move from his palatial quarters at 6 West Twenty-eighth street, to humbler sur-roundings. The rent of the building raised from \$4,000 to \$6,000; and this was more of a raise than an honest man could stand, so he vacated and went elsewhere. "Shang" has run a gamb'ing joint,

or rather several joints, in New York for the past twenty-five years. He is said to have been a "collection agent" for the police, but his chief claim to lasting fame rests upon his connection with big bank robberies, for he was a figure in several of the most daring bank "hauls" that this country ever

has seen.

His name is connected with both the Northampton and the Manhattan bank robberies, the losses in each case amounting to over \$1,000,060

姓 姓 The Northampton Robbery.

The Northampton Robbery.

The famouk Northampton robbery occurred of Junuary 25, 1876. The gang, of which "Shang" is said to have been the director, forced its way into the heme of the bank cashier, where the invaders hunderfied the other members of the family, and carried the cashier to the bank with them. He refused to open the safe for them, so they began to torture him in various cruel and diabolical ways, some of which were ancient history and some of which were devised for the particular occasion. It required force full hours of this torture, however, before the plucky cashier could be forced to tell them the combination of the safe.

The money which they secured at this "one-night stand" was divided equally among the members of the gang. The securities were hidden in a schoolhause near by Soon after they returned and began negotiations with the bank for the redemption of the securities. One member of the gang confessed, and about \$700,000 of the stolen property was recovered. Two of the robbers were sent to prison.

Never Was in Prison.

But not "Shang" Draper, for he has never been in State's prisen. And that too, although his picture adorns various rogues galleries. He has always had influential friends, and some of the most prominent criminal lawyers in the country have been engaged at different times in his behalf, among them being Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy and William F. Howe.

He is a tall and well-preserved man,

February 10, 1907

"They often come out on the lawn and play croquet in the afternoon," he was told, "but we don't know what they do for a living."

Right next door to the little Gothic cottage there was an Episcopal church. After notifying several officers to be within calling distance. Murphy went into the church, where he watched into the church, where he watched what was going on next door through a stained glass window which swung on a pivot. Late in the afternoon he

提 提 Much Loot Discovered.

Expelled From the Masons.

Draper finally "reformed," that n for the gembling and saloon business He is also famous through his creating

Under his rightful name of Thoma Under his rightful name of Thomas braper, 'Shang,' in 1903, was e.e.c. a member of Mt. Zion Chapter, No. 231, F. and A. M., and his record w. dis losed when he applied to become a Royal Area M son in Dorie Lodge, No. 20. When the luculity of Draper become known the charter of the lodge was setzed by Grand Musser Error Crandall, and the lodge was forolded to celebrate his golden anniversary. The case was invastigated at a convention of the Royal Arch Masonield at Albany, and the Mt. Zion Chapter, which had elected Draper a member, was put out of existence.



DRAPER, IN HIDING, CAUGHT BY DETECTIVES

held up ten fingers by way of illustration.

Jefferson was about to hand up a ten-franc piece when Sairley indignantly interfered. She would not submit to such an imposition. There was a regular tariff and she would pay that and nothing nere. So, in better French than was at Jefferson's command, she exclaimed:

"Ten francs? Fourquoi dix francs? I took your cab by the hour. It is exactly two hours. That makes four francs." Then to Jefferson she added:

"Give him a franc for a pourbotic—that makes five francs allogether."

Jefferson, obedient to her superior wisdom, held out a five-franc piece, but the driver shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. He saw that the moment had come to blusier so he descended from his box fully prepared to carry out his bluff. He started in to abuse the two Americans whom in his ignorance he took for English.

"Ah, you sale Anglais! You come to France to cheat the poor Frenchman. You make me work all afternoon and then pay me nothing. Not with this coco! I know my rights and I'll gethem, too."

All this was hurled at them in a

then pay me nothing. Not with this coco! I know my rights and I'll gethem, toe."

All this was hurled at them in a patols French, almost unintelligible to Shirley, and wholly so to Jefferson. All he knew was that the fellow's attitude was becoming unbearably it solent and he stepped forward with a gleam in his eve that might have startled the man had he not been so busy shaking his first at Shirley. But she saw Jefferson's movement and laid her hand on his arm.

"No, no, Mr. Ryder-re scandal, please. Look people are beginning to come up' Leave him to me. I know how to manage him."

With this the daughter of a United States Supreme Court judge proceeded to lay down the law to the representative of the most lazy art irresporsible class of men ever let loose in the Streets of a civilized community. Speaking with an air of authority she said:

"Now look here, my man, we have

Speaking with an air of authority she said:
"Now look here, my man, we have no time to bandy werds here with you. I took your cab at 3:39. It is now 5:39. That makes two hours. The rate is two francs an hour, or four francs in all. We offer you five trancs, and this includes a franc pourbolte. If this settlement does not suit you we will get into your cab and you will drive us to the nearest police station where the argument can be continued."

The man's law dropped. He was obviously outclassed. These foreigners knew the law as well as he did. He had no desire to accept Shire's suggestion.

knew the law as well as he did. He had no desire to accept Sniries' suggestion of a trip to the police station, where he knew he would get little sympathy, so, grumbling and giving vent under his breath to a voiley of strange oaths, he grabbed victously at the five-franc piece Jefferson held out and, mounting his box arove off.

Proud of their victory, they entered the gardens, following the sweet-scented paths until they came to where the music was. The band of an infantry regiment was playing, and a large crowd had gathered.

"Isn't it delightful here?" said Shurley. "I could stay here forever, couldn't you?"

"With you—yes," answered Jefferson, with a significant smile.

Shirley tried to look engry. She strictly discouraged these conventional, sentimental speeches which constantly flung her sex in her face.

"Now, you know I don't like you to talk that way. Mr. Ryder. It's most undignified. Please be sensible."

Quite spidued. Jefferson, relapsed into a sulky silence. Presently fle said:

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Ryder. I meant to ask you this be-

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Ryder. I meant to ask you this before. You know very well that you've no great love for the name, and if you persist you'll end by including me in your natred of the nero of your bock." Shirley loked at him with amused

curiosity.

"What do you mean?" she asked.
"What do you want me to call you."

"Oh, I don't 'now," he stammered.
rather intimidated by fins self-possessed young woman wno looked him calmly through and through. "Why not call me Jefferson? Mr. Ryder is so formal."

mental speeches as you made just

Jefferson beamed. He felt at least two inches taller, and at that moment he would not have changed places with any one in the world. To hide the embarrassment his gratification caused him he pulled out his watch and exclaimed:

"Why, it's a quarter past six. We shall have all we can do to get back to the hotel and dress for dinner." Shirley rose at once, although loath to leave.

shall have all we can do to get back to the hotel and dress for dinner."

Shirley rose at once, although loath to leave.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said. "How the time flies!" Then mockingly she added: "Come, Jefferson—be a good boy and find a cab."

They passed out of the Gardens by the gate facing the Theater de l'Odeon, where there was a long string of flacres for hire. They got into one and in fifteen minutes they were back at the Grand Hotel.

At the office they told Shirley that her aunt had already come in and gone to her room, so she hurried upstairs to dress for dinner, while Jefferson proceeded to the Hotel de l'Athenee on the same mission. He had still twenty-five minutes before dinner time, and he needed only ten minutes for a wash and to jump into his dress suit, so, instead of going directly to his hotel, he sat down at the Cafe de la Paix. He was thirsty, and calling for a vermouth frappe he told the garcon to bring him also the American papers.

The crowd on the boulevard was denser than ever. The business offices and some of the shops were closing, and a vast army of employes, homeward bound, helped to swell the sea of humanity that pushed this way and that.

But Jefferson had no eyes for the crowd. He was thinking of Shirley What singular, mysterious power had this girl acquired over him? He, who had scoffed at the very idea of marringe only a few mouths before, how desired it ardently, anxiously! Yes, that was what his life lacked—such a woman to be life companion and helpmate! His every thought, waking and sleeping, was of her, all his plans for the future lacduded her. He would win her if any man could. But did she care, for him? Ah, that was the cruel, torturing uncertainty? She appeared cold and indifferent, but perhaps she was only trying him. Certainly she did not care for that. Jefferson lidly turned over the pages of the Herald. His thoughts were still running on Shirley, and he was paying little attention to what he was reading. Suddently, however, his eyes rested on a head

JUDGE ROSSMORE IMPEACHED. Justice of the Supreme Court to Tried on Bribery Charges,

Tried on Bribery Charges.

The dispatch, which was dated Washington two weeks back, went on to say that serious charges affecting the integrity of Judge Rossmore had been made the subject of Congressional inquiry, and that the result of the inquiry was so grave that a demand for impeachment would be at once sent to the Senate. It added that the

"Jefferson, what's the matter with you tonight? You've been suikly as a bear all evening."

Pleased to see she had not forgotten their compact of the afternoon in regard to his name, Jeff you relaxed somewhat and said apologotically:

"Excuse me, I've been f eling a bit feedy lately," I think I meed another sea voyage. That's the only time when I feel really first-class—when I'm on the water."

It was nearly le o'clock when they had finished. They sat a little longer listening to the gypsy music, weird and barbaric. Very pointedly. Shirley remarked:

"I for one preferred the music this afternoon.

"Why' inquired Jefferson, ignoring the petulant note in her voice.

"Because you were more amiable." she retorted, rather crossly.

This was their first misunderstanding, but Jefferson said nothing. He could not tell her the thoughts and fears that had been haunting him all night. Soon afterward they re-entered their cab and returned to the bouleyards, which were ablaze with light and gaiety. Jefferson suggested going somewhere else, but Mrs. Blake was tired, and Shirley, now quite irritated at what she considered Jefferson's unaccountable unsociability, declined somewhat abruptly. But she could never remain angry long, and when they said good-night she whispered demurely:

"Are you cross with me, Jeff?"

He turned his head away and she saw that his face was singularly drawn and grave.

"Cross—no. Good-night. God bless you!" he said, hoarsely gulping down a lump that rose in his throat. Then grasping her hand, he hurried away.

Compietely mystified, Shirley and her companion turned to the office to get the key of their room. As the man handed it to Shirley he passed her also a cablestam which had just come. She changed color. She did not like telegrams. She always had a dread of them, for with her sudden news was usually bad news. Could this, she thought, explain Jefferson's strange behavior? Trembling, she tore open the envelope and read:

"Come home at nee. MOTHER."

(Continued Next Sunday.) Page Eleven

The Lion and the Mouse

(Continued from Tenth Page.)

to take back to America some idea of their grotesque appearance, and she listened with amused interest as Jefferson explained that these men were notorious poseurs, aping the dress and manners of the old-time student as flourished in the days of Randolph and Mimi and the other immortal character's of Murger's Bohemia. Nobody took them seriously except them-selves, and for the most part they were bed rhymesters of decadent verse. Shirley was astonished to see so many of them busily engaged smoking cigarettes, and imbibing glasses of a pale-green beverage, which Jefferson told her was absinthe. "When do they read?" she asked.

When do they attend lectures?" "Oh." lau thed Jefferson, "only the most old-fast ioned students take their studies sericusly. Most of the men vou see there are from the provinces, seeing Paris for the first time, and having their fling. Incidentally they are studying life. When they have sown their wild oats and learned all about life-provided they are still alive and have any money left-they will begin to study books. You would be surprised to know how many of these young men, who have been sent to the University at a cost of goodness knows what sacrifices, return to their native towns in a few months wrecked In body and mind, without having once set foot in a lecture room, and in fact, having done nothing except in-scribe their names on the rolls."

scribe their names on the rolls."

Shirley was glad she knew no such men, and if she over married and had a son she would pray God to spare her that grief and humiliation.

Her great ambition had been to write a beok, and "The American Octopus," published under an assumed mane, was the result.

The cab storped suddenly in front of

published under an assumed name, was the result.

The cah stopped suddenly in front of beautiful gilded gates. It was the Luxembourg, and through the tall railings they caught a glimpse of well-kept lawns, splashing fountains, and richly dressed children playing. From the distance came the stirring strains of a brass band.

The coachman drove up to the curb and Jefferson jumped down, assisting Shirlev to alight. In spite of Shirlev's protest Jefferson insisted on paying. "Combien?" he asked the cocher. The jehu, a surly, thick-set man with a red face and small, cunning eyes like a ferret, had already sized up his fares for two sacre foreigners whom it would be flying in the face of Providence not to cheat, so with unblushing effrontery he answered: effrontery he answered:
"Dix francs, Monsieur!" And he

by the gang. "Billy" Porter, "Jimmy" Irving, and Gilbert Yost were rounded up soon after this. On this occasion, as on all others, Draper escaped. Irving was later killed in a saloon run by Draper and Yost died in a prison out West. Among other famous "pals" of Draper may be mentioned "Red" Leary, "Jimmy" Hope, and "Big" Frank McCoy. Among the moneyed institutions which suffered, it is believed, from the same gang's depredations were the Manhattan Bank, Falls City Bank, of Louisville: the Second THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE